THE ARGUS
Founded in the year 1851.
THE DAILY UNION
Entered at the postoffice at Rock Island, Ill., as second class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Published by W. TUTTLE CO., Publishers.
Member Illinois Associated Press. Full Leased Wire Report.
Member Associated Press, to exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.
Member United Press Leased Wire Report.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Official Paper City of Rock Island.
Advertising Representatives.
New York Office—H. C. Watson, 286 Fifth Avenue.
Chicago Office—A. W. Allen, 1202 Peoples Gas Bldg.
Detroit Office—Ben Bush, 743 Lafayette Boulevard West.
Kansas City Office—B. F. Murphy, 1016 N. Y. Life Bldg.
St. Louis Office—C. L. Hawks, 800 Locust Street.
TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL
TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1921.
Since The Argus of March 24, 1920—
"The Argus henceforth will be conducted as an independent newspaper, published by partisan zeal, free fire and ready to state its honest convictions in the interest of the common welfare."

Some folks are hoping that if Lenin had a contagious disease Trotzky caught it.

The next batch of aeronauts that get lost will follow that homely bit of advice: "Do right but don't write."

Maybe Lenin will come along soon with a statement that the rumors of his death are greatly exaggerated.

An Illinois man named Lyon testified in his divorce suit and was fined $1,600. Yes, that's what he may have been doing.

There's no fun recalling the gay times that cost money in 1920—especially when you're doing it for the income tax blank.

Greek diplomats gravely deny that King Tino is to visit Smyrna. They claim the story that he has a date there is a fig-ment of the imagination.

Mary Garden, the new director of the Chicago Grand Opera company, says she likes a fight. Judging by the experiences of her predecessors, one imagines Mary has a delightful time ahead of her.

## Flirting With the Bandit.

A Chicago woman, returning from an afternoon reception, was held up and relieved of $20,000 worth of jewelry with which she had bedecked herself to arouse the admiration of her friends at the home of her host.

Just why a woman should wish to embellish her person with such a display of gems the average mortal can't quite understand. Of course gems are meant for personal adornment, but common sense and modesty ought to tell a woman that in this restless age she ought not make herself a walking invitation to attack by the highwayman.

If she must decorate herself with her sparklers and her pearls she ought, before venturing forth in public, first provide herself with adequate protection. The Chicago woman was a victim of her own folly, and she will have little sympathy in her loss.

## Harding Stands Pat.

President-elect Harding has declined an invitation to attend a charity ball proposed in Washington as a substitute for an inaugural ball. The latter has been abandoned at the request of Mr. Harding. It is his wish that there be no ceremonies beyond the formal taking of the oath incident to his elevation to the chief magistracy.

The social set in Washington is persistent, however, and does not propose to let the opportunity to celebrate the occasion in keeping with the customs of other days pass without taking full advantage of it to step out in regal fashion. Maybe the charity ball is planned. It is stated that it will be held whether the newly elected executive graces it with his presence or not.

The American people as a whole will applaud Mr. Harding for the position that he has taken, inasmuch as they believe him sincere in his desire not to be made the center of any elaborate function to mark his induction into an office to which the masses of the people elected him.

Not that an inaugural ball would be displeasing to the American people, but they are of a mind that the wishes of Mr. Harding should be respected in that regard. He rightly feels that as the election is over the time for celebrations has passed. The people now are looking to him to fulfill some of the pledges that were made in his behalf during the campaign. They are interested in Mr. Harding as the directing head of their country and not as a social lion.

## Is a Credit to the City.

This city tomorrow witnesses the opening of a theatre that would be an ornament to a community many times the size of Rock Island. The Fort Armstrong, at Nineteenth street and Third avenue, is conceded to be one of the handsomest structures of its kind to be found outside the larger centers of population in this country. Nearly a half million dollars has been expended in its building, a large sum when it is understood that the structure is for theatrical purposes exclusively.

Rock Island is indebted for this achievement to Messrs. W. A. Rosenfield of this city and Joseph Hopp of Chicago, the latter for a number of years the lessee of the Majestic picture house on Eighteenth street. But it is to Mr. Rosenfield who assumed the financial responsibility in connection with the undertaking. Mr. Hopp, of course, has put his money into the theatre, and it is upon him that the Fort Armstrong must have to depend for its financing in the moving picture world. Mr. Rosenfield has other large interests that will occupy his time. He is not a theatrical impresario, and has no ambitions to become one.

Mr. Rosenfield's desire was to give Rock Island a theatre that it would be proud of. Naturally, he hopes to secure a fair return on his investment, and, after you have seen the theatre and feasted on its interior splendors, you will not envy him his returns, no matter how large they may be. The greater they prove to be the better you will be satisfied, for you will agree that a citizen with enough pride and confidence in his home town to make possible a playhouse of the beauty of the Fort Armstrong deserves to be richly rewarded for his enterprise. Rock Island needs more men of the faith of Mr. Rosenfield expressed in investments in the city in which they reside.

The Fort Armstrong will have as its manager Joe Quinn, one of the most popular theatrical men who has ever been identified with the business in this city. Mr. Hopp can be depended upon to supply the Fort Armstrong with the best pictures produced.

The Fort Armstrong is metropolitan in all its appointments. It will bring to Rock Islanders and their neighbors the finest productions of the cinema art presented in the most artistic environment, both scenically and musically. The Fort Armstrong is the biggest thing that has been given to Rock Island in years. It should be a success from the start, and doubtless it will be. The support and approval that it will receive from the public may serve to awaken others financially able to aid in the growth and development of the community to investment possibilities right here at home.

## Scotch and "Scotch."

Bonny Scotland is not yet ready to jump on the water wagon.

Five hundred and seventy-two areas voted on the prohibition question and of these 496 voted for no change in the present regulations of the liquor traffic. Out of a total of 9,371 licenses in Scotland only 447 will be withdrawn.

A good idea of the situation there is secured from the fact that out of 1,153,978 individual voters, 692,222 are recorded as opposing any change; 442,550 were for prohibition, and 19,226 voted for limitation. Forty-one areas voted to abolish saloons and 35 cast ballots in favor of limiting drink licenses.

In most parts of the land of Harry Lauder it is still possible to do a bit of "tastin'." Prohibitionists, however, express themselves as believing the Scotch will ultimately abandon their "scotch," and find encouragement in the undeniable fact that nearly seven hundred thousand voters went on record as opposing the saloon. They predict a dry Scotland within the next few years.

## Want Home Rule.

The latest country to seek home rule is West Africa. A delegation representative of Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Nigeria, and the Gambia is now in London to urge reforms in their respective colonies and protectorates.

A legislative council is desired, to be composed partly of members chosen by the crown and partly of members elected by the people. The people want a "House of Assembly" to control revenue and expenditure, and want municipal corporations established in the principal towns.

They propose also to organize a West African university, and they particularly desire immigration laws to prevent the entrance of undesirable aliens.

Verily the principles of democracy are spreading to the most remote sections.

## Such Was Life.

A collection of rare books is to be sold in New York Jan. 24 and 25, the library of Herman Edgar. Included among them is:

"The Mowing Devil; Or Strange News Out of Hartfordshire. Being a True Relation of a Farmer, who, Bargaining with a Poor Mower about the Cutting Down Three Half Acres of Oats; upon the Mower's asking too much, the Farmer Swore that the Devil should cut it rather than He. And so it fell out That that very night the Crop of Oats Shew'd as if it had been all of a Flame, but next Morning appear'd so neatly Mow'd by the Devil or Some Infernal Spirit that no Mortal Man was able to do the like. Also How the Said Oats Ly Now in the Field, and the Owner Has Not Power to Fetch Them Away." The book is a small quarto in old Russia binding, and was printed in London in 1678. The wood-cut on the title shows the devil mowing.

That, probably, was the only agricultural work ever done by the devil. Many people, now, profess to doubt that the devil did that much. They consider it one of the early fiction efforts of a modern Best Seller writer's ancestor.

But at the time, 1678, quite a few persons believed it. There were those, however, who thought they'd be able to haul the oats out of the field if once the mowing was done. These tempted the devil (according to Hartfordshire tradition) to do some mowing for them.

They staged similar disputes with the "poor mower" and, refusing his terms, said the devil should do the mowing rather than he.

The devil, being wiser, or lazier than he is generally credited with being, refused to fall for any more mowing jobs. He paid no attention to further controversies between the poor mower and other farmers.

## Austria's Future.

When once the Austrian junkers give up their hope to unite with Prussian junkers in another imperialistic dream they, no doubt, will pitch in and help the common people of Austria get their denuded, impoverished country on its feet again.

What Austria needs more than foreign aid is that Austrians stop thinking themselves Prussians and set to work paddling their own canoe. It will not be an easy job. But it will have to be done, if Austria wishes to escape utter destruction.

While it is true that Austria has no wheat fields, she still has hands which can be turned to other work and thus bread may be obtained. It were better that they be so employed than that they should be given over again to the Prussian militarists.

### TO TOMBSTONE FANS.

Now, wouldn't it be awful—oh! wouldn't it, I say—
If Mac had really done it—gone away to stay?
Oh, such mournful evenings! How we should abhor 'em
Without his Tombstone colyums—we just scramble for 'em!

The fright he gave was fearful; it made our eyelids glisten.
Heave to, old top; make hearts beat light and WE'LL "look and listen."
We know it's lots of worry but then YOU wear the guerdon;
So please be good and bide a wee—we'll help lift your burden.
—K. T. L.

THE ice, one reads, is not thick enough to cut. We don't know much about the ice business, but it's our guess that even if it were now two feet thick that would "cut no ice" in next summer's prices.

### But The Argus Will Not Syndicate This Department.

(From the Davenport Democrat).

The Argus columist loves to point out the typographical errors in The Democrat. When we put on a comic sheet the Argus will furnish it.

MAY we point out another typographical error in the foregoing? (We "love" to do it, you know). "Columnist" is Noah's way of spelling it. We, however, in common with others of our ilk, spell it "colyumist."

THAT you may become better acquainted with the talents of our Iowa critic, we offer the following, clipped from his department on the sport page:

**Wilde, Beckett, Wells & Co.**

The U. S. A. humbly suggests,
That in future all disputes,
Between Uncle Sam and Britain,
Be argued out with "dukes."

No, there is no charge for the ad. We believe in reciprocity.

W. A. PEPPER deals in pipeless furnaces, according to his ad in the Joliet Herald-News. "Do you suppose," inquires Vee, "the Pepper furnaces save coal?" Probably so—when the fire is out.

**"The time has come," the walrus said,**
**"To talk—" he stopped to cough.**
**"Dear me," He sneezed, "I've caught a cold;**
**Why DID I take 'em off!**

Sir: The time has come when I must ask you a question concerning something, the contemplation of which has caused me many sleepless nights and corresponding days of anxiety . . . This is a subject I hesitate to speak to anyone about as I know the same trouble which now agitates me upsets the whole community. Many happy homes have been broken up for the same cause—and yet I must know the worst. I dare not ask Ma for she is old-fashioned about these things. . . . In my distress I appeal to you. It may surprise you to have me turn to you so nightly and delicate a matter, but I feel you are my friend and will understand. . . . I hate, oh so badly, to ask it—but I must come to the point. Do you think it is time for me to take off my winter undies? . . . Awaiting your valued answer and decision, believe me yours. —ANN NONEMUS.

P. S.: I am sorry the typewriter is broken. It will be repaired. —A. N.

GREEK general staff officers declare their troops can capture the Turkish nationalist capital, Angora, in 10 days. Translated into the vernacular what they mean to convey is this: "We c'n get the Turks' goat in less'n two weeks."

WELL, IF THERE'S AN ARTIST ON OUR STAFF—

Since a tombstone must possess a perpendicularity
I believe your column, bright with many a rarity
That fat Humor uses to excite our risibilities,
Would attain far higher and more striking visibilities,
If you would avoid the horizontal way of writing it,
And permit us to peruse it as I'm now inditing it:

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—E. W. S.

NEARING the base of this Pillar of Piffle the conclusion is forced upon us that we're not writing this colyum today; we're merely editing it.

### "Hasn't Mr. Duncan the Most Original Wit!"

(High school notes, Aledo Times-Record).

Mr. Duncan asked Marie Rosene if she would remember a certain definition for the next day. She said, "Maybe." He told her "May bees don't fly in January."

IMAGINE, if you will, a large white envelope, six inches square. Imagine a second a trifle smaller inside the first. Then let your imagination run riot along that line until you visualize the 13th envelope, in size (reached after opening 12 others), about two by two and a half inches. That's what we got yesterday, a sentence written on each envelope. Thus:

"Sir: I hate to do this but
you are getting so
darn set up and
cantankerous
that a little pepper
in your
daily soup will
add variety,
which is
(you tell 'em, bible,
you've got the Proverbs).
And this is the lucky thirteenth."

Inside the "lucky 13th" we found this dainty little spray of cactus:

"R. E. McG.,
A geek is he,
Who's funny as a crutch.
He poses as
A humorist
But isn't sutch a mutch.
—PETER."

"NOTHING to do till tomorrow."

"THE end of a perfect day!" R. E. M'G.

# HEALTH TALKS
## BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.

### Gallsac Inflammation.

The gall bladder or gallsac should be distinguished from the bladder—which serves as a reservoir for the kidney excretion. The gall bladder is scarcely as large as a hen's egg and holds only an ounce or two of gall or bile. It has no function, at least none which is more essential to health or life than the function of the wisdom teeth, the tonsils and the vermiform appendix, which is none at all so far as can be discovered today (although half-baked, trained by mail short-cut healers can conjure up all kinds of functions for these vestigial and troublesome structures, anything only so it is opposed to horse sense or science).

Inflammation of the lining of the gallsac is much more frequent than popularly supposed. Most cases are unrecognized, at least for some months or years, because the sufferers are quite content to assume they have "stomach trouble," "food turns to gas," "acidity," "heartburn," "dyspepsia," "indigestion," "neuralgia," or something similarly indefinite. Only a few subjects of gallsac inflammation (doctors call it cholecystitis) have gallstones. Gallstones are rather an accidental consequence or feature of gallsac inflammation; the cause of gallsac inflammation (infection by germs) does not necessarily lead to gallstone formation.

In a recent talk about gallstones, I gave the common sources of the causative bacterial infection, and of course they are the same for gallsac inflammation—typhoid fever in years past, long neglected infection about the gums, teeth, tonsils, accessory sinuses of the nose chambers, pelvic infections of men and women, ulceration or inflammation of the bowel, chronic appendicitis.

Attacks of so-called 'indigestion" or of "biliousness" (both wholly imaginary explanations for discomfort or indispositions, associated with a sense of heaviness or bloating after meals (which perhaps seems to be relieved somewhat by belching gas), and slight soreness or tenderness in the right upper corner of the abdomen, suggests cholecystitis. In some cases there are repeated attacks at irregular intervals of rather severe distress or pain felt about the stomach, with palpitation of the heart, attacks occurring preferably in the night and in a rather too well fed (overweight) individual of thirty or over, especially one of the becorseted sex. It is characteristic of the victim of these attacks to ascribe each to some specific dietary indiscretion, maybe some one perfectly innocent wholesome article of food, such as cabbage, beans, or cheese. We blame our rations for a great many of our physical deficiencies. When attacks like these occur, with some impairment of health for days afterward, or for weeks or months, then it is certainly reckless to go on ascribing them to such impossible causes as "indigestion."

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**Pimples.**

Please recommend something for blackheads and pimples that come especially about the nose and cheeks and keep my nose and cheeks red and sore most of the time. (O. W.)

ANSWER—Apply at night after a prolonged hot water bathing of the face, this lotion:

Zinc sulphate ..... 1 dram
Sulphurated potassium, 1 dram
Rose water ..... 4 ounces

This may be continued for a week or so, then rest for a week and repeat if necessary.

**Smoking Once a Day.**

You have given the good advice to men to smoke only once a day, after supper in the evening. My husband has long followed that practice, though he starts smoking first thing in the morning and smokes all day and late into the night—but just once a day, he insists. His physician has warned him he must stop. Can you give me a formula to use to break him of the habit? (Mrs. I. F. M.)

ANSWER—No, madam, but I will gladly give your husband suggestions for freeing himself of the craving if he wishes me to do so.

**Feet Strengthened While You Play.**

By following the advice you gave me several months ago I have succeeded in finding relief from a foot trouble of ten years' standing. Mine were weak, pronated feet (the shoe store "specialist" had me hypnotized with his arch props, however), and you recommended some simple exercises which have done the business, and I want you to know how grateful I feel. (C. R. C.)

(Copyright National Newspaper Service.)

# The Daily Short Story

### STUMBLING YOUTH.

By Louise M. Addelson.

(Copyright, 1921, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Allen was an awkward, shambling youth of 20, when he first met Doris. Doris was 18, and as dainty as a Dresden shepherdess. She took pity on his girl-less plight at a college dance, thereby making herself the object of his deep devotion.

Doris liked Allen, in spite of his shyness, his slow speech and clumsy feet. He had good features and clear, frank eyes. He also had hopes of some day startling the world with his gifts as an author. Doris listened to him with solemn interest. She, too, had ambitions, it appeared. She was taking up sculpture, and was very much in earnest.

A few weeks after their acquaintance began Allen summoned up courage to propose. But to Doris' 18-year-old mind love and ambition did not go hand in hand. With sweet, pathetic earnestness she informed him that life meant labor, not happiness; and that marriage was detrimental to a career.

With the charming inconsistency of youth she added that she loved him, believed in him, but for the sake of the glory that was to be theirs in the future it was best to renounce thoughts of wedded bliss. Their great gifts belonged to the world, not to each other, and the world must not be robbed to attain their selfish ends.

Allen was miserable, but convinced. He was half sorry they were so highly gifted, and indignant for a time with the stupid-minded world that could not get along without them. It would have been delightful to seek love in a cottage—to be happy like other humans. But it seemed that the gods had decreed otherwise. He left Doris uplifted and resigned, but desolate, and close to childish tears.

Fifteen years later, after an agonizing day at the school where she taught drawing and clay modeling, Doris hurriedly got off the elevated station nearest her home—and collided with Allen. She recognized him instantly, and smiled at his amazed stare.

"I can scarcely believe my good fortune," said he. "I've tried to get in touch with you so many times, and always failed."

"We did lose track of each other, didn't we? I've been in the city for a number of years now. My parents died. After a couple of years in Europe the money gave out, and I was obliged to teach. I'm afraid I've lost my early acquaintances."

"Well, you shan't lose me, now that I've found you again. Where do you live?"

She gave him the address, adding, "You can walk home with me. What are you doing in town?"

"Teaching in one of the smaller universities." He smiled whimsically. "The glorious career you prophesied for me somehow didn't materialize."

"Neither has the one I promised myself." She, too, smiled, but there was a trace of sadness in her eyes. "We were awfully young, weren't we?"

"Yes. You were the most beautiful thing God ever created—and are still!"

They arrived at her home, and after receiving permission to call the following evening, Allen raised his hat and left her.

Allen called frequently in the days that followed. One evening while seated in the little parlor of what Doris was compelled to term home she broke a short silence by a question.

"Have you tried—to write at all, Allen?"

Allen smiled ruefully. "At first I thumped out manuscript by the bale. You had talked it into me that I was a genius, and you were so in earnest. But I never got enough out of the stuff to pay postage. It simply wouldn't sell."

Doris sighed. "We are a couple of failures, I'm afraid."

"I suppose we are." He was silent for a moment, then he rose and came toward her. "But wouldn't it be a pity to let that fact rob us of what little happiness we can get out of life?" He took her hand in his.

"Doris, is it too late? So many people are happy—with just living. The first glow of extreme youth is over with; but the deep, tranquil affection that survives time, surely that can still be ours! You and I—we are so lonely! My salary is modest, but I have saved a little, and it could support us. Why can't we have a little happiness, a little home—and each other?"

Doris kissed him. "We can try, Allen. Heaven knows we have nothing to lose, and, as you say, we will have each other!"

Two years later a letter came to Doris. She opened it with eager fingers, and as she perused its contents a wave of emotion overcame her. Tears filled her eyes, but they were tears of unadulterated joy. She picked up Allen, Jr., placidly playing with his toys on the floor, and embraced him with such intensity that the little fellow cried. Then she walked to a door at the end of a long corridor and knocked.

"Come in," said Allen's voice.

"Honey, I know I shouldn't have disturbed you, but I couldn't help it this time. I just received this." She put the envelope in her husband's hand. He read it, and his face lighted. He held out his arms, and she ran into them with a glad cry.

"I knew you would win out, once you got the courage to try again. 'Stumbling Youth.' 'Youth stumbling over the rocks of inexperience.' You have named the picture rightly. And it is to be exhibited next spring!' My clever little wife.

"Honey, do you realize that this will make us rich? With the royalties from your novel and what we get from the sale of 'Stumbling Youth'——"

"And we didn't marry younger," he mused, "because marriage interferred with a career!"

Doris laughed, but her eyes were wet as she answered:

"What could one do? Youth will always stumble over the rocks of inexperience!"

### BOMB KILLS TWO.

Philadelphia, Jan. 18.—Two men were killed when a bomb exploded in the Quaker City Taxicab company garage where chauffeurs are on strike. Sixteen men are held for examination.

### WANDERER'S TRIAL.

Chicago, Jan. 18.—Carl O. Wanderer's trial for the murder of the "ragged stranger" was set for March 1.

# Frederic Haskin's Letter
(Special Correspondent of The Argus)

## City Rubes.

New York City, Jan. 16.—The idea, usually so popular with city people, that all rubes live in the country, seems to lack force in New York. Too many people are being cleverly separated from their small change. For in the wake of the crime wave has come an epidemic of petty graft, to which the shrewd, sophisticated New Yorker has succumbed as easily as he did to last year's flu, showing himself to be quite as gullible as his rural relatives.

Hardened shop-keepers of long city training have been buying fake furs and paste jewels with a reckless good nature that would astonish even a suburb, and thousands of canny Broadway residents have been contributing to fake causes with a sentimental abandon rarely exhibited by the citizens of small towns. In spite of all the talk about money being tight, beggars and fraud specialists are having a nicer time in New York this year than they have ever had before.

Here is the sort of thing which is constantly happening to enliven the atmosphere along Broadway and Fifth avenue.

The other night, a friend of the reporter, a shrewd young business man in Wall street, was on his way home when he was accosted by a well-dressed, well-built stranger, who stretched forth a gloved hand in delighted recognition.

"I don't suppose you remember me," said the unknown one, with an admirable mixture of cordiality and reserve, "but I have seen you so often on the street. I'm employed in the next office building, you know. Here in New York we don't speak to people so readily as we do in my home town, but I've often wanted ——. Well, I'm awfully lucky to run into you now, for I'm in need of help. I had an accident and had to haul my car into a garage about three blocks from here, and now I find I'm just $5 short on the repair bill. Worst of it is I promised to meet my wife at the station this afternoon. She'll be loaded down with Christmas junk and won't have a cent left. As soon as I caught sight of you, though, it occurred to me that you might be able to help me out."

**A New Touch.**

At this point, the stranger drew forth his wallet and disclosed a fat roll of small bills.

"I've got $53 here," he smiled drolly, "but the repair bill is $58." Then, with engaging frankness: "I am going to ask you if you can let me have the extra five until tomorrow morning. I can run right over to your office from mine in a few minutes and hand it back to you."

"That's all right," interrupted our friend uneasily, but agreeably, taking a five spot from his much smaller roll of bills. "Glad to let you have it. I may need some help myself some time."

And that was the end of the incident—except that the cordial stranger has never been seen since, and inquiry in the next office building revealed no information concerning him. But a few days later, the morning papers warned their readers about this particular form of "touch."

It is extraordinary to what lengths the small fraud artist will go to obtain a five spot, as the young assistant of a well-known woman philanthropist here can tell you. This young woman was quietly cataloging in her office the other day, when a nice-looking young man, with soft brown eyes and neatly combed pompadour, attired in immaculate clothes, dashed excitedly in the door and asked to see Mrs. J., the young woman's employer.

"Where is she?" he demanded, his face flushed apparently from the exertion of running. "I must see her at once. I ran all the way up here from the hotel down the block. Gone to lunch? Oh, I say, that's tough. Is there any way I can reach her immediately—you see, I'm in a rather embarrassing predicament."

"I'm afraid I don't know where she is," said the assistant, but she ought to be back in about an hour."

"What am I to do?" exclaimed the young man dramatically. "Perhaps you can advise me. You see, I've asked a girl to lunch, and when we were seated at the table down there at the hotel, I suddenly discovered I didn't have a scrap of money on me. All in my other clothes, you know," he explained in evident embarrassment, "for, knowing Mrs. J. very well, I thought I could just run up here and get a loan from her, but I sppose it's no use. I can't leave the young lady waiting for an hour."

**The Bogus Friend.**

The young assistant was sympathetic. She thought the young man looked very boyish and helpless, and she felt sorry for the damsel who was about to be deprived of her luncheon with him. So she took the $15 he said he needed from her own purse and insisted upon his accepting it, in perfect confidence that he would return it, as he said he would, the next afternoon.

But when Mrs. J. returned, the young assistant was dismayed to learn that that good lady had never heard of Gavin Courtney, the name the young man gave, nor did she know any young man who answered his description. A few days later, however, when she described him to the police, they seemed to be on quite familiar terms with him.

One of the most expensive cases of fraud which recently occurred on Fifth avenue in the shopping district was one in which that most sophisticated of humans, a professional chauffeur, was hoodwinked.

The man's employer, a very wealthy woman, had just removed her $20,000 sable coat from storage in a furrier's shop, and upon returning to the car, left it in his care while she continued her shopping. As the chauffeur waited, a stranger sauntered up and engaged him in conversation about the town, the weather and about various makes of cars. Then he sauntered on, and in a few seconds another stranger appeared on the block, staggering in an almost forgotten manner. The chauffeur found this second man so interesting that he failed to see the first stranger circle the car and calmly remove the sable coat. The first he knew of the incident was when a policeman came and informed him that a bus conductor, from his position on top of an avenue bus, had seen it go.

**The Reluctant Slot Machine.**

While sleight-of-hand work of this description is constantly increasing, it must not be supposed that New York has been free of petty fraud until this year. As a matter of fact, it has always suffered more than any other city in the United States from this evil. In a way, New Yorkers have become accustomed to it, as they have to other metropolitan inconveniences. There are the slot machines on the elevated and subway stations, for example. A slot machine is an innocent apparatus in itself, and is a great boon to a gum-chewing public, but the slot machines of these stations are graveyards of ruined hopes. They are supposed to contain chewing gum, and occasionally they do, but, ah, how often they don't. Yet never are they empty of nickels and pennies thrust in by trustful persons who sigh and swear and miss their trains in an effort to get something out.

But perhaps the most suspicious establishments in New York are the hat-checking parlors, where surprising frauds of one kind and another are always coming to light. Most astonishing of these was one discovery recently made when a couple of hat check boys got into a fight. When the guests rushed into the check room and succeeded in separating the irate principals they found that the cause of the hostilities was a spool of white thread.

By degrees, the story came out. It seems that when a stingy dancer or diner refuses to tip for an unnecessary brushing off, he is permitted to get just as far as the door. Then a boy politely requests him to stop. Rushing up to the guest's back, the boy begins to brush off a cluster of white rarelings, conveying at the same time his keen distress that such a well-dressed gentleman should be so careless. This is where the white spool of thread comes in, and also its immediate result—a dime. Always a dime, and sometimes, if the guest is much embarrassed, a quarter.

Thus, don't be too impressed when you hear about the sagacious invulnerability of the New Yorker. Live here for a few months yourself, and you will find him out.

# Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. Who was Peeping Tom of Coventry? M. R. C.

A. This was the only person in Coventry who disobeyed the injunction not to look out on the street while Lady Godiva rode by. The name has become a conventional term for an inquisitive person.

Q. Is there a fine for a druggist who does not put a war tax stamp on a box of talcum powder? M. G. M.

A. There is a specific fine of $1,000 for a druggist who wilfully violates the law by failing to place war tax stamps on such articles as come under the ruling.

Q. Where can the quotation "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast" be found? E. H. R.

A. These lines are from the play, "The Mourning Bride," by William Congreve (1697).

Q. Please give the official vote for Debs in he last election. F. H. E.

A. Eugene V. Debs received 919,477 votes in the last presidential election.

Q. Who composed the Te Deum? H. W. W.

A. The authorship of the "Te Deum" is uncertain. It is popularly described as the chief product of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, who are thought to have given expression to the beautiful words upon the baptism of St. Augustine by St. Ambrose. Its use dates from the 6th century, the Catholic church being among the first to use it.

Q. How many hairs are there on the human head? E. W. T.

A. Authorities differ somewhat, but it is calculated that there are more than 100,000 hairs on the head of an adult. There are about 1,000 hairs to the square inch. As a rule, the finer the hairs, the thicker they will stand on the head. Light blond hair will run as high as 140,000, brown hair about 109,000, black hair 108,000, and red hair 90,000.

Q. Can a submarine discharge a torpedo while submerged, and can a torpedo travel beneath the water, or must it skim along the top? H. F. T.

A. The navy department says that a submarine can and usually does fire the torpedo while submerged. The torpedo travels submerged, the depth at which it travels being subjected to adjustment from zero (water level) to 30 feet below.